

Now that Kyrle Bellow has returned to this country boarding-school maidens will believe that life is worth living.

PRINCE FERDINAND of Bulgaria is very fond of music, but he is thoroughly tired of the baudeitli his realm produces.

At a country exhibition a small house made entirely of honey has the appropriate inscription of "Home, Sweet Home."

KANSAS is reported well fixed for coal cars this fall and winter, a large number having been released from construction duty.

At a meeting of socialists in Paris it was decided to issue a call for an international socialist congress during the exposition of 1889.

Up to date 8,000,000 silver dollars, weighing 240 tons, have been received from the Philadelphia mint and placed in the new vault in the treasury department.

WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP, the mind-reader, seems to have recovered from the mental strain which overtook him in California, as he is now giving seances in the City of Mexico. The rarefied air of that locality should be avoided by Mr. Bishop.

Mrs. RUTH HULL, of Wallingford, Conn., is now seventy-four years of age and it is feared that she cannot live many more days. She wants to be buried in the cradle she was rocked in when a baby. Her wish will be carried out, and the cradle has been transformed into a coffin.

A NOTE from Col. Cockerill of the New York World to the editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer says that a letter from the physician who is traveling with Mr. Pulitzer in Europe states that Mr. P's general condition is much improved and that he only requires a few months more of perfect rest to restore his sight and fit him for active employment.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER begins to show the effects of the hard work he has done as a literary man. His hair, beard and mustache are very gray and give him an older look than his years warrant. He is in good health, however, and his firm step shows that his sedentary habits, though they have whitened his hair, have not weakened his body.

The English Board of Trade have just issued a report upon the accidents which occurred on the railways of the United Kingdom during the past year, from which it appears that the total number of passengers carried, exclusive of season ticket holders, was 733,670,000, and the proportion of passengers killed and injured from all causes was one in 6,064,000 killed and one in 565,667 injured.

JAY GOULD has been reading the "Quick or the Dead" for recreation. He was asked if it entertained him. He said: "Tolerably. It is a curious study of a morbid mental condition in a woman. The features which I suppose have popularized it are disagreeable. I don't know when I have read a novel before. My doctor told me to try fiction and leave thoughtful books alone. So I am obeying."

A COUNTRY gentleman happened in Richmond the other day who bewailed the absence of great statesmen nowadays, and gave as a reason, seemingly novel, that great men did not play the fiddle as they used to. He instanced as proof of this assertion that Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and President Tyler were excellent fiddlers, and laid down the fact that "Jefferson practiced six hours a day on the violin."

MONTGOMERY SEARS, who is among the four wealthiest men of Boston, was the son of a grocer who lived on half a dollar a day and slept in his store. He acquired some real estate, and when he died left his moderate fortune to his son under the care of trustees. Young Sears chafed at this, and finally succeeded in breaking his father's will. He has gone on acquiring property until his wealth is estimated at many millions.

WARD McALLISTER gave a subscription picnic recently at his Newport farm, which was attended by 150 of his dear 400 friends. Each gentleman contributed to the entertainment by sending or himself cooking some special dish. There was a dancing platform and a band of music for those who wished to dance, while the more agile of the guests amused themselves by playing "Puss in the Corner" and "Jerusalem" under the trees.

The most unique bet of the election was made recently in Nebraska City, Neb., between Ole Johnson and Hans Erickson, Swedish farmers living nine miles west of that place. The articles, which are in writing, provide that Johnson bets his wife, aged 35, against a Jersey cow owned by Erickson, valued at \$55, that Harrison will be the next president, Erickson backing Cleveland. The woman is a willing party to the transaction, and all parties are in earnest.

PRINCE HENRI D'ORLEANS is much pleased with his reception in this country, and finds American society charming. With somewhat conservative politeness he says that our women are more like the French, in vivacity and style, than any he has ever met. But he frankly admits that there are more beautiful faces here than in any country in the world. American men he likes for their broad-mindedness and conversational versatility. He says it is remarkable how many topics every man he has met has been able to talk upon. It is evident that the prince has not yet run against a duds.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

EAST.

At Mount Vernon, N. Y., Monday, Mr. Youmans, aged 96, the father of Professor W. J. Youmans, editor of the Popular Science Monthly, was struck by a train and killed.

The Board of M. E. Bishops, in session at Boston, has decided to hold its next meeting at Delaware, Ohio, in May, 1889. Three judicial conferences and five appeal conferences have been constituted.

The sentence of death imposed on Mrs. Sarah J. Robinson, of Massachusetts, for murder, was commuted Monday to solitary imprisonment for life.

D. A. Ellis, of Albany, N. Y., created a sensation at Lima, Ohio, Monday, by attempting to get possession of a child living with a couple known as Mr. and Mrs. McNaughton, and supposed to be theirs. It was his own child and the woman was his wife, who had eloped several months before. Mrs. Ellis disappeared.

A verdict of murder in the first degree against Walker, chief of the "Red Knobs," was affirmed Monday by the Missouri Supreme Court. He will be hanged Dec. 28.

Fourteen vessels hailing from Gloucester, Mass., were lost at sea during the year, more than in the previous year, and sixty-three lives were lost and sixteen children made fatherless.

Mr. A. T. Brittan, a Washington lawyer, has been appointed by the Executive Committee of the Republican National Committee to take charge of the ceremonies attending the inauguration of President Harrison.

Dr. Wiggins, the "weather prophet," of Ottawa, Ont., became indignant Monday on receiving a letter notifying him that he had been elected an honorary member of the Anti-Corn Law of Boston.

Phineas Rogers, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., arrested Monday on the charge of arson, confessed to being the leader of a gang that had set fire to three factories, causing a total loss of \$100,000.

Ex-Mayor Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, arrived at New York, Monday, on the steamer Alaska.

It is stated that an international ball team will be organized next season, and that it will probably be composed of Detroit, Toledo, Buffalo, Toronto, London, Rochester, Syracuse and Utica.

The first anniversary of the hanging of the Chicago anarchists was celebrated Saturday night by the anarchists of Pittsburgh.

Negotiations for a Russo-American treaty have been concluded, and a draft of the convention has been submitted to the sultan.

Harvard college will send an expedition to the north pole, with a crew of 500 men, in January, 1891. Another expedition will soon be sent to Peru to map the southern heavens.

Oscar Huffman, a tinner, fell through a hatchway in a Cincinnati icehouse Saturday and was killed. Adolph Nichols, a fellow-workman, peered over the opening to see his companion and also fell over, receiving fatal injuries.

Jockey Anderson stabbed Peter Ford, also a jockey, at Jerome Park Friday, it is thought fatally.

Fire in the Steam Gauge and Lantern Works at Rochester, N. Y., Friday, resulted in the death of six persons four others being fatally wounded. The smoke was so dense that the men could not reach the fire-escapes, and were compelled to jump from the third story.

Mr. Thomas Nickerson, of Boston, Mass., at one time President of the Mexican Central Railway, gives notice to the stockholders that he will withdraw \$500,000 from the company, as he does not wish to become a party to the scheme whereby they were charged \$100,000 for a concession from the Mexican authorities which really cost the projectors of the road but a trifle.

A collision of the Lizard caused the sinking of the German steamer Nantes and the German ship Theodore Ruger. A portion of the latter's crew has landed at Trouville, but the fate of the rest of them and of the steamer crew is unknown.

Gen. Bowman Sweitzer, prothonotary of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, died at Pittsburgh Friday.

Early Friday morning, at Highland, N. Y., Steve Brodie jumped from a bridge into the Hudson River, the distance being 212 feet. He had three ribs broken and his shoulder was seriously hurt, but it is not known that he sustained internal injuries. When taken from the water blood was flowing from his nose and ears.

Mrs. Jay Gould is paralyzed on one side of her body and unable to talk, and her physicians have no hopes of her recovery.

William T. H. King, known theatrically as William Harcourt, who married Louise Bille, the actress, in February, 1887, without knowing that it was she who figured in the wondrous story of the "Lionel Lincoln" and Manager Leonard, has secured a divorce.

At the Fishkill depot, New York, Thursday, a passenger train dashed into the Rochester express. All the passengers escaped except Mrs. Edward Shivel, of St. John, who was killed.

In Cincinnati, Thursday, an unknown man attempted to chloroform and abduct Mrs. J. P. Kelly, but fled when she succeeded in giving an alarm.

Edward C. Carrigan, member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, and a well-known lawyer, died of apoplexy while visiting after dinner at a Denver and Rio Grande train.

Mrs. Hannah Sharkey, aged 111 years, died at Youngstown, Ohio, Thursday. She was a native of Ireland, and came to this country about seventy years ago.

President Patton, of Princeton College, announces that he has received \$80,000 to be used in his selection of new scholars and the building of a new hall.

The Board of Trustees conferred several honorary degrees Thursday.

W. H. Barnum, member of the Democratic National Committee, is seriously ill at his home at Lime Rock, Conn.

The Bishops of the M. E. Church began their semi-annual session at Boston, Mass., Thursday, with sixteen members of the Episcopal Board present. The sessions are secret.

Daniel J. Herity, the pedestrian, covered thirty-three and three-fourths miles in four hours at Newburg, N. Y., Thursday, beating the American record.

The plans for the celebration of the centennial of Washington's inaugural, April 30, 1889, in New York, will include services of praise and thanksgiving in the different churches, with special services at St. Paul's Church, which Washington attended 100 years ago; also, prayer by Dr. Storrs, a poem by Whitier, and benediction by Archbishop Corrigan.

While driving in her phaeton at New York Mrs. Elizabeth C. Jenkins was thrown from the vehicle by the horses running away. Her injuries proved fatal in ten minutes.

Daniel Phillips, of Louisville, Louis. comm., N. Y., who voted for Madison in 1808, cast his twentieth Presidential ballot Tuesday for General Harrison. Mr. Phillips is 100 years old, and has voted at every Presidential election since 1808.

WEST AND SOUTH.

Peter Howell, of Venona, Ill., an elderly and wealthy banker, and his wife, were murdered in their beds early Monday morning by Charles L. Burkhardt, whose step-daughter Sally Richardson, was a domestic in the Howell family. Burkhardt was suspected, and discovered that he was being watched by the police. He fled to the city of St. Louis, where he was arrested. He is now in the St. Louis penitentiary, where he will remain for life.

Charles W. Knapp, for thirty years business manager of the St. Louis Republican, died Monday night, aged 70.

It is announced that A. L. Bressler, son of a Detroit millionaire, is in prison in Munich, Germany. He was a second lieutenant in the Michigan militia, and went abroad three years ago for pleasure and to study the art of war. It is rumored that his offense in securing money on false representations and failure to pay bills, but the general impression is that he has been arrested as a spy, as it is known that he had secured information that would be valuable to a power unfriendly to Germany.

Mary Martyn, aged 99 and John Donahoe, aged 86, natives of Ireland, but for fifty years residents of Prescott, Ill., both died Sunday and were buried there Monday.

A report was received Monday morning at Gainesville, Texas, that Governor Guymon, of the Chickasaw Nation, was assassinated Saturday night at Tishomingo, the capital of the Nation. Serious trouble is said to be brewing.

Mrs. William Barr, of Brazil, Ind., was frightened to death by an explosion of fire-crackers at a Republican political meeting recently.

George Bridenbark, a farmer living near Centerville, Ill., fatally wounded his wife and shot, but not seriously, his son and daughter Saturday.

A company of army officers and other dignitaries are exploring the battlefield of Chickamauga under orders from the war department.

Judge Brannon of the district court at Davenport, Iowa, has granted an injunction to restrain F. Haak from using the labels of the Cigar-Makers' International Union, the defendant not being a member of the organization.

Thomas Mackay, who murdered Frank Day in front of the Chicago Postoffice Sunday night, was arrested at the scene of the crime, and is now in the custody of the Chicago police.

At Peru, Ind., Friday, Frank Rowe, John Carroll and John Ryan, charged with the murder of Andrew Morgan, at Xenia, Ohio, while attempting to commit burglary, were released owing to a lack of evidence. On a requisition from the Governor they were taken to Zanesville, Ohio, to answer to another charge of burglary.

A dividend of 1 per cent, making 5 per cent for the year, was declared Friday by the C. & N. directors.

As a result of the Presidential election and a bet made on the result by John W. Conlaw and Miss Mary Volt, of Chicago, Minn., the two will be married before Christmas.

The Cairo, Vincennes & Chicago Railroad Company is making arrangements to extend its line from Danville, Ill., to Forrest, on the Wabash Railway, and by a contract with the latter road secure an all-rail connection with Chicago.

The Southern Immigration and Development Society, in session at Augusta, Ga., Friday, elected D. B. Loveman, of Tennessee, President.

An explosion in a coal mine near Pittsburg, Kan., Friday evening, entombed 158 men who were at work 112 feet from the surface. It is feared that all perished. A heavy storm prostrated the wires, and no further details of the horror can be had.

Thomas H. White, Deputy United States Marshal, was arrested at Deadwood, D. T., and held in \$500 bond for perjury in his official capacity.

At Monroeville, Ind., Friday, John Locklin, a well-to-do citizen, was struck by a train and killed.

Snow fell all day Friday throughout Kansas and at Kansas City, Mo. The fall was the heaviest ever known at this season of the year.

A section of a wall of St. Mary's Infirmary, at St. Louis, Mo., fell in Friday, but no one was injured.

Ed Hunter, Chairman of the Iowa Democratic State Committee, was Thursday placed under arrest for bribing John West to "repeat." Knowing he had voted once in another township.

There were twenty-five new cases of yellow fever and three deaths at Jacksonville, Fla., Thursday, for the twenty-four hours ending at 6 p. m. Total cases, 4,416; total deaths, 373.

In the case of the City of Madison, Wis., against the Madison Street Railway Company, the Supreme Court Thursday gave a decision adverse to the company, who failed to comply with the ordinance in regard to the proper maintenance of the streets.

FOR HARRISON.

Colorado..... 8,000
Illinois..... 22 18,000
Indiana..... 15 1,500
Iowa..... 13 30,000
Kansas..... 9 70,000
Maine..... 6 23,000
Massachusetts..... 14 32,000
Michigan..... 12 20,000
Minnesota..... 13 20,000
New York..... 30 11,000
Nebraska..... 5 25,000
Nevada..... 3 2,000
New Hampshire..... 2 2,000
Ohio..... 23 25,000
Oregon..... 3 3,000
Pennsylvania..... 30 80,000
Rhode Island..... 4 2,000
Vermont..... 4 25,000
Wisconsin..... 11 15,000
West Virginia..... 6 500

Total..... 231 428,650

FOR CLEVELAND.

Alabama..... 55,000
Arkansas..... 7 20,000
Connecticut..... 6 350
Delaware..... 3 2,000
Florida..... 2 2,000
Georgia..... 12 22,000
Kentucky..... 13 40,000
Louisiana..... 8 10,000
Maryland..... 16 25,000
Mississippi..... 9 33,000
New Jersey..... 11 20,000
North Carolina..... 9 35,000
Tennessee..... 12 18,000
Texas..... 12 6,000
Virginia..... 12 6,000

Total..... 162 442,350

It is evident from the face of the returns that Mr. Harrison will be a minority president, and that for a second time the executive chair will be occupied by one who had less votes at the polls than did his chief competitor. But happily for the good feeling that should now be encouraged the poll of New York, upon which all depended has been made clear, if not satisfactory, the winner's figures being placed even as high as 11,191.

As showing how extremely Cleveland was scratched by his so-called friends, there is a claim for Hill's reelection in New York by 18,000, and as further showing the complex condition of the canvass it may be added, that while Hill's chief competitor is understood that he has pulled through.

As to Indiana, democratic headquarters admit that Harrison has carried the state by 1,500. The returns, however, continue backward and only three congressional districts have been as yet heard from with definiteness.

Connecticut has closed all doubt with a small plurality for Cleveland—a plurality being ample for that purpose—but the Connecticut governor, who must have a majority vote, will now be elected by the legislature, and the legislature is Republican.

As to West Virginia the doubt goes to the extent of promising a mixed election. Both sides are claiming governor, legislature, state officers, and congressmen.

The Democrats polled a heavy vote in San Francisco and the state is claimed for them, but without figures to show for it.

The following majorities are credited to the Republican presidential candidate according to most reliable information. Colorado gives Harrison electors 8,000 majority, being a slight gain over 1884. Illinois is claimed for Harrison by 15,000, a loss of 7,000 from the vote given in 1884.

In Indiana the Republicans claim to have won by a vote of 1,500. Kansas appears to have given the handsome majority for Harrison of 70,000, a gain of 6,000. Iowa gives 80,000, a gain of about 10,000.

Maine is 28,000, a gain of 8,000. Massachusetts gives 32,000 majority for Harrison, a gain of nearly 8,000. Michigan gives 12,000, a gain of nearly 9,000.

Minnesota gives 20,000, a loss of 18,000 to the Republicans. Nebraska gives 25,000, a gain of 2,500. Nevada gives 150, a loss of over 1,400 to the Republicans.

New Hampshire gives 2,000, but gave Blaine twice that majority. Ohio gave 25,000, a loss of about 6,000, which seems to give some color to the claims of Judge Thurman that the Democrats might have carried that state had they used proper exertion.

Rhode Island gave 4,000 majority, a loss of 2,600. Vermont gives 25,000, a loss of nearly 3,000. Wisconsin gives 15,000, which is not greatly different from former majorities. In the states acknowledged to have been carried by the democrats Cleveland secured the following majorities in the contest on Tuesday:

HARRISON THE MAN.

New York Has Given the Republican Candidate Nearly Twelve Thousand Majority.

Indiana is Conceded to Mr. Harrison by a Majority of About Fifteen Hundred.

The latest returns from Tuesday's election leave no reason to doubt that Republicans have carried the country and that Gen. Harrison will succeed Mr. Cleveland in the presidency. A dispatch from the New York Times (Ind.), which has heretofore refused to surrender the State to New York, the Republicans, admits that Harrison has carried the Empire State, that Hill (Dem.) is elected Governor, and that there is no doubt of the election of the Republican presidential candidate.

The latest report from Indiana, in addition, says that Cleveland has carried the Democratic State Committee, conceded that his State had been carried by Harrison by 2,000 plurality. California and West Virginia may not yet be placed with certainty, but Harrison safely has 225 electoral votes where 201 would be enough, and he has the majority in the electoral college.

In the face, however, of adverse returns, though unofficial and necessarily incomplete, the Democratic National Committee refused Wednesday to concede anything, and claim to hope that New York will carry with Indiana and other western States, had been carried for Mr. Cleveland. The indications are that Harrison's plurality in New York is at least 10,000, but Chairman Brice insisted that an official canvass would be required to ascertain the result, and, claiming his own figures, he gave the estimated pluralities and the amendment of errors in the local canvasses, he declared that New York was in doubt. Conceding the loss of New York, he hoped to retain supremacy with the electoral votes of Connecticut, New Jersey, and even Wisconsin. Connecticut and New Jersey—the former by a scratch—are Democratic. Indiana is Republican by 2,000 plurality. California and Nevada appear to be Republican beyond a doubt by small pluralities, and the two other States are safely in the Harrison column.

The returns of the results in congressional districts are yet too incomplete to determine accurately the complexion of congress, but it seems probable that the Democratic control of the lower house has been overcome and that the Republicans will have a majority of the national house of representatives. The New York Sun's returns indicate that the parties in the house of representatives will be pretty evenly divided and it thinks that it will require an official count to decide which will have the supremacy. The strength of the parties in the senate will probably remain unchanged.

A dispatch from Washington says the President takes the result calmly and philosophically. He talked quite freely about the returns and the increased Republican vote, but expressed not the slightest regret in the world at any action he has taken during his administration.

He is willing to admit that his position on the tariff and the decided stand he took in favor of revenue reduction may have lost him a good many votes, but he still maintains that if he were to do over again he would follow the dictates of his convictions.

The President received no telegrams from the National Democratic Committee until late Wednesday afternoon. From what he has heard, however, he concedes that he is defeated. He attributes his defeat to no one in particular, and says that he and Tammany had treated him with perfect fairness and that he has no fault to find at all.

The apparent state of the electoral vote and the popular pluralities Friday morning are as follows:

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GREAT IS TO-DAY.
BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.
Out on a world that's gone to seed!
The great tall corn is still young in his seed;
Plant his breast with laughter, put song in
Your toll.
The heart is still young in the mother-soil;
There's sunshine and bird song, and red and
green down,
And love lives yet, now under and over.
The light's white as ever, low and believe;
Clearer dew did not glisten 'round Adam and
Eve,
Never under heavens nor greener sod
Since the round world rolled from the hand of
God;
There's a sun to go down, to come up again,
There are new moons to fill when the old
moons wane.
Is wisdom dead since Plato's no more?
Who'll that babe be, in your cottage door?
While your Shakespeare, your Milton, takes
his place in the tomb,
His brother is stirring in the good mother-
womb;
There's glancing of daisies and running of
brooks,
Ay, life enough left to write in the books.
The world's not all wisdom, nor poems nor
flowers,
But each day has the same good twenty-four
hours.
The same light, the same night. For your
Jacobs, no tears;
They see the Rachel at the end of the years;
There's waving of wheat, and the tall, strong
corn,
And his heart-blood is water, that sitteth for-
lorn.
—The Country.

Peter Potter's Joke.
"You have made me very happy, Polly, and s'pose we set the day for Christmas."
Miss Polly Perkins looked lovingly into his eyes and answered affirmatively by leaning her head upon his shoulder.
They were sitting in the pretty parlor of a cosy cottage on the outskirts of Glenville. Their courtship had not been a long one—in fact, it had been short, earnest and decisive, and when Peter Potter parted with his betrothed that Sunday night he considered himself a very lucky man in securing such a prize as Polly Perkins, the prettiest lass in Glenville, who had eaten more pheasant and broken more chicken breastbones than any maiden for miles around.
True, she was only 20, while Peter was a bachelor away up in thirties; but he was a man of property and carried on a thriving grocery business in the village; and there were some girls in Glenville who would have felt very much "put out" if they had overheard the engagement words spoken that Sunday night.
Christmas was now only two months off and Polly at once began to prepare her wedding trousseau. She was a poor girl who made her living by working in a cotton factory, and she had no relatives in the world except an old maiden aunt with whom she lived. She was a bright girl, somewhat pert in manners, and, on occasion, she could be as tart as vinegar.
"Peter Potter is a queer mental compound. He was phenomenally unstable in his views on religion and politics; so much so, in fact, that he had won the nickname of 'Peter Changeabout,' and no more faithfully observed the maxim 'When you're among Romans do as the Romans do' than he. In politics he was equally fickle. One year he was an ardent Democrat; the next year he was a Republican, and once he figured as a bright and shining local light in the ranks of the Independent party.
Peter Potter was a man well liked by the people of Glenville. He was not stingy. He was foremost in his works of charity, and many a poor family, to which enforced idleness or sickness had brought privation, was the recipient of substantial gifts from his store. He was always a cheerful man, and no social party in Glenville was considered complete without his presents. He was very popular with the gentler sex. Moreover, he greatly enjoyed a practical joke, even if he himself were the victim of it. In this respect he could give and take with equal satisfaction to his risibilities in either case.
Now when the news got around that he had engaged himself to Miss Polly Perkins the gossips made all sorts of remarks about the matter not at all complimentary to Peter Potter.
"It'll be a watermelon to a pumpkin seed," said Bill Jackson, the Postmaster, when Peter Potter took his bride to hand when the time comes. Of course he now thinks he loves Miss Perkins. But he's likely to be smitten with the charms of Sallie Tweedle next week, and with those of Susie Timkins before Thanksgiving comes. Poor Polly Perkins! She's too nice a body to be trifled with and made the jest and jeer of all the girls in town."
And this was the popular view taken of the situation, and some of the gossips were not directory in saying so much to Miss Perkins. Nevertheless she had faith in her affianced, and received the tattle of the busybodies without allowing her good nature to be ruffled for a moment.
"Why," said she to a neighbor one day, "do you suppose I'm going to go crazy? I don't keep his word? Oh, no. There is just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, you know," and then she laughed most heartily and went tripping along the roadside humming a cheery air.
Of course much of this gossip reached the ears of Peter Potter, who, however went about his business as usual and was not at all affected by the coldness which some of the marriageable girls of the sewing society manifested when he met them on the street or at church. As for the gentlemen, those fellows who had declared that his engagement to Polly was merely one of his practical jokes—he said: "Let 'em have their fun. I'll show 'em a joke yet that'll make 'em laugh on the other side of the moon."
Well, it was now within a week of Christmas. Invitations to the wedding had been sent out with the request that the recipients be at Miss Perkins's Aunt Betsy's residence at 3 o'clock of that day to witness the ceremony.
It was a conventional gathering of village society that met there that day. Even the gossips who had been most industrious in criticizing Peter Potter were arrived. The Rev. Philip Thompson arrived a few moments before the appointed hour—he was to be the master of ceremonies—and when the old clock struck 3 there was only one absentee, Miss Polly Perkins, prettily attired in white silk, white kid, a white tulle veil and orange blossoms, was standing by a window in close conversation with Aunt Betsy. Ten minutes passed, and then low whisperings were heard from knots of guests in the parlor.
"I told you so," said Postmaster

Jackson. "Peter Potter is still entitled to the nickname of Peter Changeabout." Now I renew my bet of a watermelon is a pumpkin seed that Peter don't be here. He's most, crucially jilted Polly Perkins, you bet."
These remarks were addressed to young Lawyer Tom Kent, whose conversation with a long-haired, bushy-whiskered and heavily mustached gentleman had been interrupted by them.
"It's too bad—too bad," returned the lawyer, "but here, Mr. Jackson, let me introduce you to my friend, Max Spiller."
The bushy-whiskered man and the postmaster shook hands, and then the three entered into a whispered conversation about Peter Potter's non-appearance.
"He was a good fellow, um?" queried Mr. Spiller.
"Oh, yes, Peter's a good enough fellow," said Mr. Jackson, "but you see he has always been a very changeable man—shifting from one idea to another about as lively as a flea—and he has long been considered the boss practical joker of this town. I reckon that this is one of his jokes," saying which the Postmaster looked over toward the bride that was-to-have-been, and then turning to Mr. Spiller and Lawyer Kent he said, laying his hand upon Mr. Spiller's shoulder, "I pity that girl!"

"His was a practical joke, um, mein-heer? Dot must hat mait 'im a very funny fallow, um?" said the man with the bushy whiskers.
"Yes you can bet he was; and—"
At that instant the attention of the three was diverted to a group of young women who had surrounded Miss Perkins and were mingling expressions of sympathy for her with denunciations of the delinquent, betrothed.
Polly's face was buried in Aunt Betsy's lap, and she seemed to be weeping.
"Misther Kent, vill you acquaintance me make mit dot meenister?" said Mr. Spiller.
"Certainly, with pleasure," said the lawyer, and the acquaintance was made.
Mr. Spiller took the Rev. Mr. Thompson's arm and led him to a corner, where the two for several minutes held a whispered conversation. Then the guests—nearly an hour had now passed—were preparing to take their leave.
"Ladies and gentlemen," said Lawyer Kent, "as the friend and legal adviser of Peter Potter, permit me to request you to remain a little longer. He may have been unavoidably detained, you see."
It was at this moment Mr. Spiller whispered something in Lawyer Kent's ear, and the lawyer then said something in a low tone to the dominie.
"Misther Shackson," said Mr. Spiller, addressing the Postmaster, "I vill take dot put about dot vatermilion und dot pumpkin seed."
"But you'll lose, sure, said Mr. Jackson.
"Well, den I loose—dot's all," said Mr. Spiller, "and I pet you dot hoss I got in dot tavern statt against von tollar dot Misther Potter vill we here—um?"

"Well, I'll go with the Postmaster."
"Yes?" and before these witnesses?" asked Mr. Spiller.
"Sure," answered Mr. Jackson.
There was at this moment a little flurry among the guests, during which Mr. Spiller approached Polly and said, "Miss Perkins, vill you sheap mit me in dot hall von minute?"
With her handkerchief to her eyes, Polly arose and accompanied the gentleman to the hall.
"It worked splendidly, Polly, dear," he said, "and I reckon I've taught 'em a good lesson. There, now," and he tore off his long hair and bushy whiskers and gave her a kiss that but for the noise made by the busy tongues in the parlor might have been heard there.
The next moment Miss Polly Perkins returned to the company leaning on the arm of Peter Potter, who was gently attired in a dress suit, and in every respect looked like a becoming and happy bridegroom. The guests were struck dumb with amazement, which was greatly heightened when Peter placed his hand in that of Rev. Thompson and said:
"Vill you go good enough to make von of us two—nein, nein, I means vill you make us two into von—um!"
"Well, the ceremony was soon over, and a right jolly wedding fest followed, and when the company separated the happy bridegroom said, as a parting remark to Postmaster Jackson: "Dot vos von great practickel shoke—um? Und dot you forgot dot vatermilion und dot tollar." —N. Y. Evening Sun

Clinging to the Past.
Equador is a country in which the past still reigns. The buildings are never repaired; the Indians, remembering the ancient glory of their ancestors, have songs and no amusements, and the Spanish inhabitants are too poor and too proud to get much active pleasure from the present. One peculiarity of the Indian, showing his attachments to custom, lies in the fact that he will only trade in the market place in Quito, where his ancestors have for centuries sold their produce.
A traveler upon the highways may meet whole caravans of Indians bearing loads of supplies, but he can obtain nothing from them until they have reached their accustomed place for barter.
The Indian will even carry goods ten miles, and sell them for less than he was offered at home.
The author of "The Capitals of Spanish America" says that he once met, an old woman trading along with a load of fruit, and though he offered ten cents for pineapples, which would only bring her two and a half in the market, she preferred taking the dusty journey of two leagues to being relieved of her burden at once.
A gentleman living some distance from town says that, for four years, he tried to induce the natives who passed every morning with packs of alfalfa (clover) to sell him at his gate; he was invariably compelled to go into town to buy it.
Nor will the natives sell at wholesale. They will give you a gourdful of potatoes for a penny as often as you choose to buy, but they will not sell their stock in a lump. They will sell you a dozen eggs for a real (ten cents), but they will not sell five dozen for a dollar.

An Awful Danger.
A—"This country can't risk another war."
B—"Why, we could put two or three million men into the field."
"That's just it, and if the war lasted longer there would be such a crop of veterans wanting pensions that the treasury would be bankrupt.—T. Siftings.

HE DRANK HASHISH.
The Sad Results of a Drug Clerk's Terrible Blunder.
A few miles from this city lives a man who was once a fine drug clerk as the Manchester (N. H.) Union. His name was Randolph R. Sanford, and he is at present residing with his widowed mother. Sanford is some over forty years of age, and is a complete wreck. His hair is as white as snow, and his left side has been paralyzed from the crown of his head to his feet. While mixing chemicals at the last place in Boston where he worked, an unforeseen combination ensued, and an explosion proved most disastrous to Sanford. He got the bulk of the flying liquid in his face, and his nose was fairly eaten off. He was ill for a long time, and during his sickness his whole left side was paralyzed, as stated above. With in the last three years he has partially recovered the use of his afflicted side, and in the summertime manages to get around and do a little garden work, the Sanford place being noted for the quality of the vegetables raised and the beauty of the floral plants. Sanford is a most interesting conversationist, and is full of stories regarding the life of a drug clerk. He speaks of mixing hashish is worth reproducing. Hashish is the foundation of the same powerful extract that figures in Monte Cristo. The name by which it goes among druggists is "extractum cannabis indicæ," or extract of Indian hemp. The liquid preparation resembles ink in appearance—a dark green color, and in taste it is bitter, warm, bitterish and acid. In Hindostan, Persia, and other parts of the east, hemp has habitually been employed as an intoxicating agent. The parts used are the tops of the plant and a resinous product obtained from it. The plant is cut after flowering, and formed into bundles from two to four feet long by three inches in diameter, which are sold in the bazaars by the name of ganjah. The resin obtained is formed into balls by the natives, and is smoked like tobacco, with which it is said to be frequently mixed. An infusion or decoction of the drink is sometimes used as an exhilarating drink.
"Some eight or ten years ago," says Sanford, "I was at work for a prominent druggist in Boston, and some little time had been suffering with dyspepsia, and the ailment both of me and that life became unbearable. I at last mixed up a decoction that gave me great relief. I was to take it before meals, and placed the bottle on a shelf behind the prescription counter among other bottles which are usually found in that place. One noon I went to take my medicine. I took down what I thought to be the right bottle, and, discarding the use of a spoon, I placed the bottle to my mouth and took a large swallow. Horrors! The taste told me that I had made a mistake! I looked at the bottle and—well, my friend, I had taken a large dose of Indian cannabis, or otherwise hashish. I knew what the results would be. I knew what I had done, and I fled to the rear part of the store. How queer I felt. How light I was growing. Up, up, up I went, until my head bobbed against the ceiling. I was like a cork floating on disturbed water. I glided along, and could look down and see the huge bottles, each one with a hideous face laughing at me. The stools on the marble floor seemed to me to keep me company, and their click-click on the marble floor sounded like thunder in my ears. Suddenly I was plunged into inky blackness. From the black nothingness flashed out bright balls of light. I reached the sofa and sank down upon it. My tongue seemed to swell, and I tried in vain to scream, but no sound issued. I seemed to know that I was in a long, long time before my fellow clerk would be back from his dinner, and then he might not come into the rear room and discover my condition. The events of days and weeks came before my mind in all the details, and I saw faces—beautiful faces—angelic in their divinity, which seemed to beckon to me and then vanish with a hideous laugh. I began to feel that I was being thrown by some invisible force from one side of the room to another. I felt no concussion, but bounced about like a huge foot-ball. Then I fell back into dreamy contemplation and years seemed to pass by. Fantastic pictures were worked, my limbs felt weighted with lead, just the opposite to my experience of what seemed to me years ago. I felt, I felt, what's the matter? Rolphie! Rolphie! The words reverberated like thunder. My shop-mate had returned. Again he tried to shake me to myself, and I never hated a man so cordially as I hated him at that moment. He got a doctor, and I tell you, my friend, they had no easy time of bringing me myself. Every word they uttered surged into my brain and seemed to jar me to pieces. I suffered from that experience long afterward, and it appears even at this day, when I think it over, that I have that feeling coming on, so powerful was the impression made on me at that time."

Scenes of Sensuous Beauty.
Hindoos, coolies, men, women and children—standing, walking or sitting in the sun, under the shadowing of the palms. Men squatting, with hands clasped over their black knees, steadily observe you from under their white turbans—very steadily, with a slight scowl. All these Indian faces have the same set, stern expression, the same knitting of the brows and the keen strong gaze is not altogether pleasant. It borders upon hostility; it is the look of measurement—measurement physical and moral. In the mighty swarming of India these have learned the full meaning and force of life's law as we occidentals rarely learn it. Under the dark forehead with its fixed brown eyes glitters like a serpent's.

Nearly all wear the same Indian dress, the thickly folded turban, usually white, while drawers reaching but half down the thigh, leaving the knees and the legs bare, and white jacket. A few don long blue robes and wear a colored head dress. These are babagas priests. All the men look tall; they are tall, very slender, small-boned, but they are well-proportioned. They are grave, talk in low tones and seldom smile. Those you see with very heavy full beards are Mussulmans; they have their mosques and the cry of the muezzin sounds thrice daily over the vast cane fields. Some shave—Buddhists or followers of Hindooism—but the children of Islam never. Very comely some of the women are, in

their close-clinging, soft, brief robes and shawls, and a costume leaving shoulders, arms and ankles bare. The dark arm is always tapered and rounded, the silver circled ankle always elegantly knitted to the light, straight foot. Many of these slim girls, whether standing or walking, or in repose, present perpetually studies of grace; their attitude when erect, always suggests lightness and suppleness, like the poise of a perfect dancer.
A coolie mother passes, carrying at her hip a pretty naked baby. It has exquisite delicacy of limb; its tiny ankles are circled by thin bright silver rings; it looks like a little bronze statuette, a statue of "Kama, the Indian Eros." The mother's arms are covered from elbow to wrist with silver bracelets some flat and decorated, others more in the form of viper heads. She has large flowers of gold in her ears, a small gold flower in her very delicate little nose. This nose ornament does not seem absurd; on these dark skins the effect is, on the contrary, pleasing, although bizarre. All this jewelry is pure metal; it is thus the coolies carry their savings; they do not learn to trust the banks until they become rich.

There is a woman going to market, a very odd little woman; is she a Chinaman—a coolie, or a Malay half-breed? I do not know. She represents a type I have never seen before. She wears one loose, soft, white garment, leaving arms, ankles and part of back and bosom exposed, like a low-cut, sleeveless chemise, and a long, long, black sash is wound round her waist, and her walk is indescribably light, supple, graceful. But her face is queer; it is an Oriental grotesque, a Chinese dream, oblique eyes and blue-black brows and hair, very high and broad cheek bones. Singular as it is, this face has the veritable beauty of a diabolical; it is very young and very fresh face, and the abundant long, black, silky lashes give her gaze a very pleasing, volute expression. Still, the most remarkable peculiarity she has is her color, clear and strange, almost exactly the color of a fine ripe lemon. —Lafayette Herald in Harper's Magazine.

The Light of Hope.
When every star that gems the sky
In darkness hides its silvery ray,
And midnight shadows thickly lie,
Like sable curtains on the way,
One light remains to pierce the gloom,
One ray—it is the light of hope.
That light where'er you undimmed it shines,
Unnumbered blessings shoals around;
Where fall its soft and tender lines,
There truest happiness is found.
There is no light beneath the dome
So precious as the light of hope.
Within its sacred circle blend
The virtues true and strong;
Here friend deserves the name of friend,
And lover, partner, fears a wrong;
And here a light shines on the way,
That friendly beacon cheques it still.
For one afar its radiance streams
The proof of joy and hope and cheer,
And draws him with its welcome beams
To all he holds most prized and dear.
His heart is glad, his brow grows bright
As he beholds its faithful light.
And thus as we, with weary feet,
Life's dark and tangled mazes tread,
Let us take heart, for pure and sweet,
The light of hope is never dead.
That leads us onward, while we roam,
To find in heaven the light of home.
—Boston Journal.

FITTING A WOMAN.
A Glimpse in the Trying-on Room of a Fashionable Ladies' Tailor.
"It is a good deal more difficult to fit a lady than you would imagine," said a fashionable ladies' tailor the other day. "You see," he continued, "ladies are very peculiar. I have been in the business for years and have had dealings with every kind of women in this country and in Europe. How are ladies measured? Well, first they take off their outer waist, leaving their neck and arms bare. Then the fitter measures them from the collar to the waist line, in the back; the width of the back is taken, and then the bust part, the front from the base of the throat to the waist, next from the under arm to the waist, and then the size of the throat is taken. After that we take the measurement of the bust, waist and hips. That done, the inside length of the sleeves is taken, and the circumference of the biceps. The measurement of the skirt is next taken, and then we take the length of the skirt. First in the rough, second with more perfect linings, and lastly when everything is completed."
"What does the fitting?"
"Men and women. Some ladies will be fitted by none but men. They don't seem to like women about them. Some don't like the idea of wearing so few clothes and allowing men to handle them. I am a rather embarrassed thing at times, let me tell you. When women's vanity keeps a great many from allowing men to fit them, especially where the figure is not well rounded. Most of the ladies wear skin-tight web undergarments, which show all the outlines and yet are not immodest. Good fitters practically command their own prices. They are very short here, and they make \$4,000 to \$5,000 a year. They are born fitters, just as men are born poets and orators."
"How do you make up a poor figure?"
"That is an art. For instance, a lady will come who is as thin as a rail, with no bust, no arms, no shoulders. We have to use cotton wadding to support her deficiencies. That's where a good fitter comes in. A bungler would make her look lumpy, but an artist in his line turns her out a model. Then suppose a big, fleshy lady comes along. She has an immense expanse of breast. Of course, that must be broken. We usually break the bodice into four lines by a revery of same cloth. Your eye catches from one line to the next, and before it has passed around all of them the mind forgets to notice the expanse. A perfectly plain bodice is very trying except to a perfect figure. In that event, of course, it only sets it off. It is not often that I advise plain frocks, so few can stand them." —New York Letter.

Getting His Money's Worth.
Mr. Shentpersent (at hotel table, a summer resort)—Mein cracious! Isaac, you little voo! Vat vor you ask for breakfast?
Little Isaac—I vant breit mit my meat, father.
Mr. Shentpersent—Shust hear dat! He vant breit ven breit sel for only five cents a loaf, an he gan't eat a kvatter of a loaf, an I pay five tollars a day at dis hotel. Here, Isaac eat dis bottle olf olives. Day cost von tollar a bottle. —Cartoon.

A betting man frequently finds it a cold day when he puts his money on the old horse.—Time.

STATE NEWS.
A Resume of the Principal Items of News in Three Great States.

ILLINOIS.

—Fire destroyed St. Elizabeth Hospital at Danville. The loss is covered by insurance.
—A slight earthquake shock was felt at Danville. The vibrations were northeast and southwest.
—Galesburg is suffering from an epidemic of diphtheria. Several deaths have taken place within a few days. The superintendent of schools has taken steps to prevent the spread of the disease.
—G. S. Howard, a prominent contractor of Springfield Valley, mysteriously disappeared a few days ago and has not been heard of since. He had about \$1,500 in his possession when he left. Foul play is suspected.
—Nearly 1,000 grist mills assembled in reopening the Peoria Board of Trade. It was burned down last winter and has been rebuilt. It was reopened with a banquet, ball and concert. The building is much more complete and convenient than before the fire.
—Miss Gertrude Bradshaw, eldest daughter of H. G. Bradshaw, was married to a young man named Robert Hudson at Springfield, and in some manner her dress caught fire and before assistance could reach her she was so terribly burned that death resulted in a matter of hours.
—Fred Fleming, an intelligent, well-dressed man about forty-five years old, who recently arrived in Chicago, committed suicide in his room in the Madison Hotel by hanging himself. He received a letter from his wife, whom he married in Springfield in September last, stating that she had another husband, and it is supposed that this news ruined him.

—Fred Anseling, who is in jail at Los Angeles, Cal., under sentence of death for killing Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock, of Elgin, some months ago, has made confession of the crime to his neighbor Julius Fugli, in September, 1887, in Butte county. He charged George Stenger and one Barker with inspiring him to commit the crime to obtain \$50,000. Stenger was arrested at San Francisco.

—The inquest to determine the responsibility for the wreck on the Chicago & Alton at San Jose, in which one person lost his life and several were injured, was held in Lincoln. Conductor Denis of train No. 72 testified that he made a mistake in reading the time at the time of the wreck, at 6:55, the time at which the same train is due at San Jose. The inquest was adjourned for two weeks in order to obtain more witnesses.

—A report reached Duquoin that three men of the victims of the bridge accident at Blairsville are dead. William Thompson was killed outright, making four deaths. It was a Howe truss iron bridge, 170 feet long, and fifty feet above the water level, was built in 1876. The County Board had declared it unsafe, and thirteen men were repairing it. In fastening some of the bolts, a heavy iron bar, one of the girders gave way and the bridge collapsed, injuring every man on it. The bridge is a total wreck. It cost \$7,000.

—During the races at Freeport last year (Charles A. Winship and David B. Staples became involved in an altercation at the Brewster House over the discussion of a turf question. Blows were exchanged, and Staples drew a knife and stabbed Winship, inflicting a wound from which he recovered only after a long illness. Both were well-known sporting men. Staples was the son of Isaac Staples, who was killed at Freeport, Minn. The latter came to his son's assistance after his arrest, and the best legal talent of the county contested the case. The jury found Staples being found guilty of shooting with intent to kill. All the legal methods were gone through, and Staples was sentenced to the State prison at Joliet to serve his term of one year's imprisonment.

MICHIGAN.

—Frank Hall, a small boy of Jackson, has cleared \$75 this season selling bouquets on the streets.
—The Dayton Manufacturing Company's building at North Muskegon, burned. Loss, \$100,000; insurance, \$5,000.
—Judge Shipman, of Coldwater, has been engaged by the Michigan Potawatomi Indians to collect that \$20,000 they think the government owes them.
—The county of Macomb has again come to the front as the only county that has paid every dollar of its state taxes. It has done the same thing for many years.

—At Reed City Alexander St. Charles, aged 31 years, attempted suicide by hanging himself. He was found by a neighbor and instantly killed him. Walker was arrested.
—Theodore Mevis, who was recently arrested at Lansing for robbing a store, does not much sympathize with his father. The old man says he would not go on Theodore's side if the bond was reduced to five cents.

—Mrs. Amos Dewaters, of Nashville, was domestic troubles. She placed a revolver to her breast and fired. The bullet tore through her right lung and came out at the shoulder. Mrs. Dewaters will die.

—At Bay City Mrs. Jennie Smith, aged sixty-seven, died, insane and destitute. She was the mother of Alderman Oscar Smith, who left town recently, leaving many creditors and an unpaid bill of \$1,000. Her husband, John Smith, has also gone insane over the trouble.

—At a meeting of the Central Michigan Beekeepers' Association, held at Lansing, five days ago, it was agreed that the honey crop this year had been a rank failure. Nature was not in a honey-making mood, and the flowers gave but few blossoms. The bees themselves were in good health all season.

—James O'Brien and John W. Pierson, aged respectively twenty and twenty-four years, have been indicted for burglary and larceny. They are supposed to be burglars. They may be missionaries, or theological students, but the fact that one of them had two revolvers, seven safe drills, and a number of burglar's tools makes that appear unlikely.

—There are times in the lives of most of us—even the best of us, in fact, when we feel that a moment—just a moment—of weakness would be a ruin to us. We may have been the feeling of Rev. Hunsberger, of Coldwater, who emphasized a point by striking the pulpit with his fist, and hit on a needle someone had left there.

—At the late parade at Grand Rapids, a wagon load of red fire and pyrotechnics went off. The six horses attached to it ran away, causing a terrible scare and stampeding some of the crowd. The driver, Stephen O'Brien, was killed. Stephen had an ankle sprained, James Pelton was badly burned, and several others were injured.

—During a thunderstorm at Hanover, William Brooks left his bed to shut the window and a moment later Mrs. Brooks heard a tremendous crash and a wall from her husband, who declared that he had been struck by lightning. The wife quickly went to her husband's relief and found that he had run against the stove and barked his nose and face.

—A comparatively modern Indian cemetery has been discovered one and a half miles east of Alma. Three skeletons were found, and one had a string of beads around the neck that measured the string of beads, not the neck 16 feet long. Plates and trinkets, Indian pipes, etc., to the number of 100 were found. One plow furrow turned up four skulls. It is presumed that the interments were made about fifty years ago.

—At Grand Rapids, where the streets were full of people, a man boldly forced the door of Colonel McConnell's loan office, on Pearl street, using a jimmy for the purpose, and helping himself to the valuables, departed without attracting attention. He had a few dollars and worth of watches, diamonds and other articles are missing. The man was so bold in his operation that, although he was at work, nobody suspected anything wrong.

—Miss Sadie Owen, daughter of George W. Owen, of Pontiac, has just completed a journey that few girls would ever think of. She has traveled from her home in Pontiac to Saginaw, a distance of sixty-five miles, in a buggy drawn by a pair of cream-colored mules, which she received in her wild and thoroughly trained horse, and is now willing to sell them rather than return to her home.

—The town of Algonquin, in the northwestern part of the State, is a very interesting place. It is a small town, but it has a very large population. It is a very interesting place, and it is a very large population.

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by that slow medium in this uncertain weather.
—There were shipped by lake from the Lake Superior mines at Marquette during the week ending Wednesday, Oct. 31, a total of 108,420 tons of ore, of which 30,471 tons were from Marquette; 11,344 tons from St. Ignace; 90,462 from Escanaba; 30,078 from Ashland, and 15,151 from Two Harbors. The shipments for the corresponding week of last year amounted to only 94,702 tons. By range the shipments to date are: Marquette range, 1,613,095 tons; Gogebic range, 1,143,240 tons; Vermilion range, 383,536 tons.

—Owing to reported irregularities in the money order department of the postoffice at Monroe Inspectors Dexter, O'Neill and Smith went there from Detroit to investigate the accounts of the office. The result of their investigations showed that Assistant Postmaster Kellie had received complaints from the department at Washington, but had neither answered them nor turned them over to Postmaster Kellie, who was ignorant of their existence. Kellie was arrested and taken to Detroit. It is not known what charge will be preferred against him.

—At East Saginaw, one man was killed and four others were seriously injured in a race. An accident occurred at the race track, and in a horse-car No. 1 responded. A large, heavy wagon had been left standing in the middle of the street, and as the horse-car was passing it, the wagon was struck at full speed, a collision occurred. The firemen were all thrown off, and the cart, which weighed 5,000 pounds, fell on them, pinning them in the ground. Robert Jordan was badly crushed, but he has since died. Benjamin Farrington had both legs broken; Thomas Trahan was badly hurt about the neck and shoulders. Robert Hudson had a hip dislocated and Foreman William Pondon suffered internal injuries. The injured men will probably all recover.

INDIANA.
—A few wild ducks are to be seen about the Northern Indiana lakes.
—Crawfordsville young ladies have organized a Bible society, whose object is the duty of the Scriptures.
—The grand jury at Huntington, reported that the killing of Arthur Watkins by City Marshal Rosebrough was justifiable.
—Ship Bender, while sitting near Fort Wayne, was assaulted by three negroes, who robbed and then mutilated him horribly.

—Owen Bohannon, of Tipton, while delirious with typhoid fever, escaped from his asylum and took a long walk, which did him no harm.
While firing a salute with a cannon at Worthington, the charge was fired prematurely, blowing off General Worthington's coat, and the body and also the fingers on the left hand.

—The convicts at the Jeffersonville prison are to be treated to sauer kraut three times a day this winter. Several thousand barrels of cabbage are being manufactured into the article.
—The Indianapolis Excelsior Works was totally destroyed by fire. Loss, \$100,000; partially insured. The works were destroyed by fire, and the loss was \$100,000. The works were destroyed by fire, and the loss was \$100,000.

—Melcher J. Culp, of Elkhorn, captured James Lawrence, a burglar in his house as he was preparing to leave with a horse and carriage. The prisoner was locked up and bound over to the Circuit Court.

—While Dolly Phillips, aged 20, was watching the Republican parade at Terre Haute, a man walked up to her and exclaimed, "Dolly, I am your father." She was startled, and the man, whose name is said to be Gallows, escaped.

—While out riding at Somerset, near Washburn, a horse driven by Charles Lawrie ran away. Mrs. Lawrie threw her two children from the buggy just before the horse ran away. She was seriously and her husband dangerously injured. His hip was dislocated and he was badly hurt internally. The children were not injured.

—At Kokomo, Truman Hobson, a young Democrat, shouted on the street, during the Democratic rally, "\$5,000 reward for the sight of a Republican." An old soldier, Abner Hill, answered, "here's one," and he took at once knocked him down and kicked and stamped on him so severely that he died. Hobson is under arrest.

—Judge D. B. Eckles, who died at Greensburg, Ind., in 1886, was a prominent man, and settled in Greensburg in 1838. He was the first Mayor of the city, a captain in the Mexican war, a Circuit Judge for 16 years and the Justice of the Peace for many years. He was a leading Democratic politician and was highly respected.

—George W. Mitchell, an extensive dealer in live stock near Seymour, left his home to go into the country. About 3 o'clock he found a man unconscious in a lonely piece of woods, and two one-half miles from home. He is dying of his injuries, the cause of which is unknown. So far as is known, he was not the victim of any money or valuable.

—A letter surprise has been arranged for Miss Carrie Kidwell, an American lady, who is in California. The postmaster of the town has been notified, and it is expected that the letter will reach the postoffice after Oct. 26 until Nov. 1, and in the meantime all her American friends are to write to her. On November 1, the letter will be opened, and it will require a month of solid work to answer them.

—John Turner has been a respected citizen of Illinois for many years. He was married eight years ago married an Elkhart lady. The other night a lady arrived there direct from Glasgow, Scotland, with a marriage certificate. She was a widow, and had been abandoned fifteen years ago. When an effort was made to serve a warrant on Turner it was found that he had got wind of her presence, and he had fled to New York. It is said that he went to Canada.

—The Republicans held a rally at Hope, a small town twelve miles east of Columbus. Among those present were two young rowdies named Gibson, Piercefield and Joseph Hinton, who live a few miles north of the city. They have had a grudge for some time against Jacob Brennan, the Town Marshal of Hope, and while drunk they began an attack upon him. Brennan was covered, and drawing a revolver, he opened fire upon his assailants. Middleton was mortally wounded and died in a short time, while Piercefield was seriously injured. Brennan was arrested, and cause his death. Brennan has been arrested.

—Statistics in process of compilation by State Geologist Thompson will show an amazing growth in the industrial interests of this State. The amount of capital invested in manufacturing during the last two years, mainly in the last year, is roughly estimated at \$7,000,000. The amount of capital invested in manufacturing during the last two years, mainly in the last year, is roughly estimated at \$7,000,000.

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The Upsilonntian.

THURSDAY, NOV. 15, 1888.

"MORE! more! Twenty-four years more!" That is the way they sing the song in Geneva, N. Y.

We note that the republicans of Detroit have taken steps to investigate the frauds perpetrated in that city at the polls. It is a wise move and we hope the democrats will heartily cooperate with them in bringing the rascals to punishment. The time has come when this crime against the ballot box should meet the punishment which the law provides, and now the matter is to be taken in hand, it is hoped that the work will be thorough and exhaustive. Let no guilty man escape.

Why should it be thought exacting to demand that a man's politics should be a part of his religion and sturdy, practical common sense an element of both? Next to duty to God, stands duty to country; next to being an honest man, is being a good citizen. In a republic every man is a significant unit. The laboring man's vote counts one, the vote of the President counts more. Upon every man, it is alike incumbent to secure, as far as in him lies, the establishment of good government by the enactment of just laws. To render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, is a positive command, no God that which bids us render to God the things that are God's.

PRIVATE letters from New York state that the prohibitionists are more disgusted than the democrats. Well they may be. The democrats sowed tares, and they got a crop, such as it is. The prohibitionists sowed wind and reap only the whirlwind. This part of Michigan contains a good many people who came here from central New York, specially from Wayne and Ontario counties, such will be interested to know that these counties gave large republican majorities, not only for the national ticket, but for Warner Miller as well. "Money, whisky and grog-shops," says the editor of the Geneva Courier, "fought the name of Miller all day. That ticket got over a thousand majority nevertheless." Good for Ontario!

THE many friends of Mr. Perry F. Powers will be pleased to know that that gentleman is alive and well, and happier than a King. He runs ahead of his ticket in every ward in Cadillac, and received a large majority. This, too, in spite of the fact that as the publisher of a red-hot republican paper he could not expect assistance from friendly democrats, nor had he the advantage of long residence and its consequent social influence; nor was his candidacy ever referred to in his paper. He simply fought the good fight of republicanism, urging upon the people of Wexford county their duty to bring that county into the position in which it belonged in the republican column. The result is abundant gratifying to Mr. Powers. Just how much he is indebted to the constant attentions he received from his chronic adversary of the State Democrat, and how much from the "long experience" of the "non-partisan" author of an extensively circulated circular, he may not be able to determine; but this is certain, that for the first time in eight years the republicans of Wexford county have elected every candidate on their ticket. We congratulate Mr. Powers. He is young, energetic, progressive. He will make an intelligent and useful member of the Board of Education.

HELLO THERE, DAKOTA! The first work of the new administration should be to divide Dakota and admit the sections as states to the Union. This territory has suffered long enough from the mistaken policy of the past, and a speedy end should be made of her case. Had Mr. Cleveland been as great a statesman as he is a partisan, and done justice to Dakota, there would have been many degrees less of bitterness in the terribly bitter cup which the people compelled him to drink on election day. No party can afford to dally with justice and ignore the right for purely party advantage as did the democrat party in the case of this magnificent territory. The American people as a people, demand of their servant's faithful adherence to what is right and just, and will punish the man or party who forgets to sink partisan spirit and partisan advantage, in matters of importance, and administer on the broad principles of the statesman. Let Congress act promptly, and give Dakota the rights so long denied her.

THE SLAVE TRADE MUST GO. It would seem that at last we are to see an end to the abominable slave trade as carried on in Africa. Cursed above all other countries by its tribal relations, cursed by the ignorance and savage nature of its inhabitants, Africa, for centuries, has been a prey to the cupidity, and greed of every other nation in the world. "Right over on the scaffold, Wrong ever on the throne," has been literally and cruelly fulfilled in the history of this dark continent and her sorrowful people.

It seems now that there is promise of an end to the crime of man stealing, Portugal which has long held sway in the eastern portion, has consented to join England, France and Germany in blockading the ports whence this miserable traffic has found an outlet. This should end the wickedness, and give to those who have taken their lives in their hands, and gone thither in hope of redeeming the native tribes and rescuing them from the bondage of ignorance, the opportunity to prosecute their benevolent and beneficent work. So long as the slave trade continues, their efforts are vain, but with this new move on the part of European powers, light cometh and the dawn appears.

THE RESPONSIBILITY FIXED. After a desperately fought battle, next to the victor stands the man who, fighting bravely, comes forth from the contest with everything lost but honor. But he who in the hour of peril directs his forces from the charge, and thus gives victory into the hands of the enemy, shares the glory of the deed.

Of the contestants who went into the

field on November 6, there is one party which emerges with neither victory nor honor. Its only trophy is the delivering of New York into the control of the saloon interest, and the defeat, by prospective repeal, of the admirable temperance legislation which has already proved so effective in New Jersey. For these deplorable results, Clinton B. Fisk must stand condemned at the bar of public opinion. The Fitz John Porter of the temperance war, he withheld the contingent that should have converted defeat into victory. He is as truly responsible for the results as was that other traitor, for the defeat which followed the refusal to reinforce General Pope.

To himself and his followers, he may be able to justify his conduct, but their sophistries will impose upon no one else. In his case there will be no Congress of Confederate brigadiers to verse the popular verdict. Public opinion will put both traitors in the same pillory, and brand them both with the same ineffaceable stigma.

WARNER MILLER. We cannot omit a word of appreciation for Warner Miller. He possesses such magnificent moral courage and unusual ability, and his declaration that he would not run except on an out-and-out unequivocal, earnest temperance platform, was freely given him, was one only example of his devotion to all that is true and pure. The Mail and Express well says: As Mr. Hill stood out as champion of the liquor interest, so Warner Miller, by his nature, instincts, sentiments, associations and antecedents, was the natural champion of "the Home" against "the Saloon" and of the eternal and honest interest against those "interests" that thrive at the expense of others.

During the whole of the marvelously energetic and powerful campaign that Warner Miller made in which he impressed his earnest personality on large masses of voters in nearly every county in the state, he made the temperance issue so plain, definite and prominent that the best of the republican prohibitionists voted not only for him, but for the other republican candidates, and the success of our National ticket in New York is largely due to his noble and persistent and courageous leadership.

He is beaten and Hill is triumphant, but the victor has won a triumph without glory, by disgraceful methods and with the aid of allies, resources, and agencies such as only a man like Hill would use. Warner Miller stands before the country, the moral victor in the struggle and a sure winner in the end.

VOX POPULI. The representatives of sixty millions of people vote, a complete revolution in the government is wrought, but the next day, men, everywhere, about their usual avocations as peacefully as though there had been no battle. "The King is dead, long live the King," is as true in a Republic as in a Monarchy, when intelligence and virtue are found among the people. It is no wonder those outside are puzzled at American methods and American traits. The silent ballot is more potent than a standing army, and more authoritative than the edict of an autocrat. In other countries, it is not so, and it is not so because there is more personal ambition, than love of country, because passion rules instead of intellect. Our government was founded in the intelligence and virtue of the people, and when these are wanting, it becomes a rope of sand. He who fails to comprehend this great fact in our history, should be kept from holding positions of trust in the educational field. The authorities should guard jealously the spirit of our schools, and rigidly exclude every factor that tends to weaken or destroy our respect for our own institutions or begets a spirit of distrust in their value. A text book that puts a check on patriotism, or exalts the wisdom and justice of an alien policy, at the expense of our own, or throws discredit, however insidiously, upon our history, should find no place in the work of instruction. No specious plea of superior excellence or scientific plan, can justify its use when its unconscious influence tends to destroy the truly patriotic sentiment on which the perpetuity of our government depends.

We urge upon school boards and upon teachers, the necessity of sleepless vigilance, for without it, we are in danger. As our population increases, the danger of dismemberment becomes more and more imminent. The greater complexity of the body politic calls for greater loyalty to preserve our unity, and increasing conflict of interest, for greater forbearance. Patriotism is better than science, and devotion to one's country, than knowledge of her venial faults.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS. The returns of Hon. N. P. Banks to the House of Representatives, recalls vividly to mind one of the most memorable contests ever witnessed by that honorable body of men. For many decades, the southern states had held absolute sway and had ruled Congress with the rod of an autocrat, but when in December 1855, Congress met, northern spirit had so risen under the stimulus of the Kansas outrages and the insults of southern representatives, that northern men could no longer be frightened by threats or subdued by murderous assaults.

In the organization of the House the republican candidate for speaker was N. P. Banks and the southern candidate was William Aiken. Massachusetts and South Carolina were thus brought into collision, but not so much was it the collision of states as of ideas. The question involved was whether slavery should become national, and these states represented the extreme opposites in the issue.

For two months the contest continued and only after the most bitter and inflammatory denunciations of the north by the representatives of the south, did that struggle end on the 133d ballot, by the election of Massachusetts' son. The young men of to-day should read carefully the history of that memorable contest for it stands at the threshold of a new order of things. It was the opening struggle between the two civilizations which had always existed in our country, to give notice to the slaveholder's oligarchy, that their tyrannical rule was to be brought into serious ques-

tion. Though but a boy then, we shall never forget the rising indignation which was manifest among the liberty loving sons of the north, or the contempt expressed by the r-dly rulers of the southern states, for our people and our principles. In this contest for the speakership, it was no uncommon thing to hear our laboring men called "greasy mechanics," unfit to associate with gentlemen, and "mud sills of society," signifying their degradation. After one of these manifestations of fanatical zeal, Anson Burlingame who was a member of that House, rose in his place, and, in a style that challenged the admiration of the world, wielded in the defense of the north the weapon of his rhetoric and the power of his oratory to the utter discomfiture of his antagonists. In that speech was brought to light the fact that Mr. Banks, himself, had risen from that class of mechanics which had received such characterization, that he in early life had been known as the "hobbin boy of the Massachusetts' Mills." In glowing terms he contrasted the civilization which could take the boy from the humblest station and crown him with the honors which a King might covet, with the civilization which suppressed every rising hope and every laudable aspiration.

We are glad to see the "hobbin boy of Massachusetts' Mills" once more in the place in which he then represented the rising supremacy of right over wrong and the nobler aspirations of humanity, over the despotism of physical power.

Thirty-three years of a noble life are behind this man who now returns to the scenes of his early triumphs. His locks are as white as an angel's wing, but his heart is as brave as when he presided with such firmness and judicial fairness over that body of intellectual giants in 1856-8. A great people may well say to this man venerable in years and eminent in patriotic service: Welcome.

WINGS AND STINGS. This is the airy, stinging title of another sprightly amusing book by Palmer Cox. It is one of the Queer People series, and similar to its companion "Paws and Claws," of which we told you recently. This is one of the funniest and brightest books for youngsters we have ever seen. The illustrations are splendid and will make the boys and girls roar with laughter. The Boston Budget, says: "as a holiday book nothing could be more appropriate, since nothing could confer greater pleasure upon the little ones." The National Republican says: "Every page is a picture and all the text music, a fountain of fun, never ceasing. It will make young eyes blaze." It will certainly be wonderfully popular. It is published by Messrs. Hubbard Bros., of Philadelphia, Chicago, and Kansas City, to whom persons desiring a copy or an agency should apply.

A democrat editor in western New York must have been pretty badly rattled by the result of the election. In a news paragraph he announced with all gravity, that a young man 19 years of age was "seriously injured while attempting to climb a hickory tree," adding, "he fell a distance of 50 feet and struck upon the back of his head, breaking his neck and producing instant death." He omitted to say as to the prospects for his recovery.

The New York Telegram, initiating "Sunset" Cox, remarks that Harrison is thoroughly elected in every respect. All right, brother Telegram; that is because Harrison is thoroughly respected by those who elect.

HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED!

Spectacles
—AND—
Eye Glasses

Fitted on Scientific Principles.

EYES TESTED FREE!

—AT—
Dodge's Jewelry Store.

WARNER & OWEN'S
NEW DRAY LINE!

The above company are prepared to answer all calls on short notice at reasonable rates. Moving Furniture and Pianos a Specialty.

Office at Corner Cross and River Streets, YPSILANTI, MICH. 6173

DON'T BUY YOUR ARCTICS.

Until you have seen the

COLCHESTER ARCTIC

"With the Outside Counter."

It's the Best Fitting and Best Wearing,

Arctic now made, and is made 'pon honor for reputation. The "Outside Counter" adds largely to the durability. These are cheapest in the end. No extra charge for the "Outside Counter." Ask to see the "Colchester" Arctic. Kept here by Best Stores. At wholesale by

H. S. Robinson & Burtenshaw, DETROIT, MICH. 461739

College Yells.
Harvard—Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah! Harvard!!
Yale—Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah! Yale!!
Columbia—Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah! Columbia!!
Dartmouth—Wah, ho, wah; Wah, ho, wah; Wah, ho, wah! Dartmouth!!
Princeton—Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah! Princeton!!
Rutgers—Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah! Rutgers!!
Union—Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah! Union!!
Williams—Will-iams, Will-iams, Will-iams, Will-iams!!
Brown—Brow-d-o-o-i-n! Rah, rah, rah! Brown!!
Cornell—Cornell! a yell, yell, yell! Cornell!!
Hamilton—Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah! Hamilton!!
Madison—Zip, rah, Mad; zip, rah, Mad; zip, rah, Madison!!
Lafayette—Hoo-rah, hoo-rah, hoo-rah; Tiger! Lafayette!!
Wooster—Woo-ster! Bang!!
Syracuse—Hip, Hoo, Rah; Hip, Hoo, Rah; Syracuse, Syracuse; Rah, Rah, Rah!!
Univ. of Tennessee—Rah, Rah, Rah-rah-rah; Bim, Bim, Boom-boom-bah! Rap, Rah, Rah!!
Dickinson—Hip, Rah, Bus, Bis; Dickin-son-siff! Tiger.

Mortgage Sale.
Default having been made in the conditions of a mortgage executed by Jacob Emerick and Cynthia A. Emerick to David H. Perkins, dated August 17, 1887, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Washtenaw county, Michigan, Aug. 17th, 1887, in liber 98 of Mortgages on page 148, which mortgage was duly assigned by said David H. Perkins to D. C. Griffen, guardian for A. J. Roe, and said assignment recorded in said office August 7th, 1888, in liber 10 of assignment of mortgages on page 9, upon which mortgage there is due to be paid at the date of this notice, for principal, interest, and Att'y's fee as provided for in said mortgage, eight hundred forty-two and ninety-one hundredths dollars, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises, at public vendue to the highest bidder, on the 23rd day of January, 1889, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon at the southerly front door of the Court House, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, to satisfy the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage and all legal costs to wit: The north half of the east half of the southeast quarter of Section 10, township of Ypsilanti, Washtenaw County, Mich.

D. C. GRIFFEN, Guardian A. J. Roe, D. C. GRIFFEN, Assignee of said mortgage. 6173

Mortgage Sale.
By a mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of June, in the year eighteen hundred sixty-six, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Washtenaw, state of Michigan, on the twenty-eighth day of June, eighteen hundred sixty-six, at 11 o'clock and 30 minutes a. m., to liber 32 of mortgages, on page 46, Richard West and Jane West, his wife, mortgaged to Benjamin P. Miller, that parcel of land lying in the township of Superior, in the county of Washtenaw, and State of Michigan, known and described as follows, to wit: The north half of the southwest quarter of section twenty-two (22), in township two (2) south of range seven east, containing eighty acres. The said mortgage was afterwards, by an instrument of assignment dated February 28th, 1878, and recorded in said Register's office, March 5th, 1879, in liber 6 of assignments of mortgages, on page 188, assigned by said Benjamin P. Miller to Joseph Suggett; and afterwards, by an instrument of assignment dated August 15th, 1879, and recorded in said Register's office, March 18th, 1879, in liber 6 of assignments of mortgages, on page 24, assigned by said Joseph Suggett to Sarah Suggett.

The amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is six hundred and ninety-one dollars. Default having occurred in a condition of said mortgage by which the power of sale is conferred, and the same being operative, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt thereby secured or any part thereof, Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgaged premises at public vendue to the highest bidder, on Friday, the 26th day of November next, at ten o'clock, at 12 o'clock at noon, at the east front door of the Court House, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, said Court House being the place of holding the Circuit Court within said county. Dated August 30th, 1888.

THOS. NINDE, Assignee of said Mortgage. 6174

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASH- tenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the 25th day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Mary A. Beach, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Rebecca B. Norris, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that she may be appointed executrix thereof. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 28th day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Ypsilantian, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. [A true copy.] WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Wm. G. Dorr, Judge of Probate. 6184

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASH- tenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Thursday, the 1st day of November in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Samuel Casey, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of James Childier praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that he may be appointed executor thereof. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 28th day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the devisees, legatees, and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Ypsilantian, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. [A true copy.] WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Wm. G. Dorr, Judge of Probate. 6185

\$500 REWARD!
We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, sick headache, indigestion, constipation or costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Large boxes containing 50 sugar-coated pills, 50c. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 362 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill. 3687

SPECIAL!
On and after Monday, August 27th, I will offer my entire stock at
VERY LOW PRICES

Terms Cash.
All persons indebted to me will please call and settle at their earliest convenience.

H. P. GLOVER.
A. B. BELL, DENTIST,

VanTuyl Block, Congress St., YPSILANTI, MICH.

YPSILANTI SANITARIUM, Ypsilanti, Mich.



J. M. CHIDISTER, LESSEE AND MANAGER.

WELLS & FISK,
SOUTH SIDE CONGRESS ST.,

Pure Family Groceries,
Butter and Eggs, Fruit and Vegetables in Season.

BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR.
QUICK SALES AND CLOSE PROFITS OUR MOTTO.

A Large Stock of Goods
TO BE CLOSED OUT.

Alban & Johnson

Offer their Mammoth Stock of

CLOTHING

Suits and Single Garments,

Suitable for

WINTER WEAR

Away Down, to prepare for Fall Stock.

Now is the time, while they are going.

LOOK AT OUR NEW HATS

OF ALL STYLES, GRADES AND PRICES.

Alban & Johnson.

Ypsilanti Savings Bank
Organized under the general banking laws of Michigan, with a
CASH CAPITAL OF \$50,000
Transacts a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on all savings deposits of \$1 and upwards, compounded every six months.
Savings Department open every Saturday evening from 7 to 8 to receive deposits.
D. C. BATCHELDER, President.
R. W. HEMPHILL, Cashier.

First National Bank,
Established 1863.
Capital & Surplus, \$100,000
Individual Liability of Stockholders, \$150,000
Interest Paid on Time Certificates of Deposit.
D. L. QUIRK, President. CHAS. KING, Vice-Pres.
W. L. PACK, Cashier.

H. FAIRCHILD & CO.,

CITY MARKET,

DEALERS IN

Fresh and Salt Meats

Of all kinds, at the

Lowest Market Price

Fresh Fish constantly on hand.

Our motto is to please all.

ARE YOU BUILDING?

or needing any

Nails or Locks,

Barn Hanger and Track,

Trimmings of any kind,

Cook Stove,

Heating Stove,

Gasoline Stove,

or Oil Stove,

Table or Pocket Cutlery,

Shears and Scissors,

or Carpet Sweeper,

Granite Ware, Tinware,

Shovels, Forks, Spades,

and Wheelbarrows,

Farm Bells,

Tin Roofing,

Eave Troughs,

Etc., Etc.,

You will find a good assortment at the

Huron Street Hardware

and at

PRICES TO SUIT YOU

A share of your trade solicited.

CHAS. M. NORTON,

Huron St., opp. Sanitarium.

C. S. SMITH,

Cross Street, near the Depot,

DEALER IN

FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED

MEATS!

First-Class Sugar Cured Hams a Specialty.

Sausages of all kinds, made from best selected meats, always on hand.

Sausages cut for farmers and customers promptly and satisfactorily

Only the best Meats handled, and only the Favorite Prices, charged at the

Depot Meat Market,

C. S. SMITH, Prop.

HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

Candies, Fruits, Nuts

Etc., Etc.

The Largest, Cheapest, and Most Complete Stock Candies in the City.

F. A. OBERST

Follet House Block, Cross St.

1888 IS HERE

—AND—

D. B. GREENE!

Is at home every day for office work. Come and get your Life and Property Insured or get a Pension. He will write you a Will, Deed, Mortgage, Contract, or anything else, very cheap, and warrant all correct or no pay.

OFFICE OVER WELLS & FISK'S.

J. A. WATLING, D. D. S. L. M. JAMES, D. D. S.

WATLING & JAMES,

DENTISTS, HURON ST.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

1

The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, NOV. 15, 1888.

WILLIS.

Died, on Friday of last week, of typhoid pneumonia, Mr. Charley Moore, of Milan. Mr. Moore was a son-in-law of George Bennett. A wife and three children mourn his loss.

Mrs. George Russell and her father spent two days in Detroit last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Simons, of Exeter, visited at D. W. Potters, Sunday.

A C. Van Wormer is loading a car at Willis for Kansas, whither he is going with his family soon.

Died, very suddenly, of congestive chills, Miss Mary Champion, of the Island School District, aged 22 years. Miss C. was sick only two hours. Her grief-stricken parent and relatives have our sympathy in their great affliction. Miss C. was a member of the M. E. church at Stony Creek.

The prohibitionists of Augusta cast 35 straight ballots last Tuesday.

While Harrison is jubilant, Cleveland mourns.

CANTON.

Politically everything is quiet here except those who feel very sore over the result of election.

On Tuesday evening the young people's Methodist Alliance of Denton met at the home of Mr. Shies, the President of the society. This society is doing a much needed work for the young people of the vicinity. A work in which every one should show a helpful appreciation.

It is strange a sign stating that, "those spitting tobacco juice on the floor, will be fired into the street," hangs where "people of the highest respectability meet."

Saturday the citizens and church members of Denton surprised their pastor, Mr. Bird, with a brand new cow. The brother lost a nice Jersey a week before by having her neck broken.

Quarterly meeting was held at Sheldon's, Monday evening. The pastor's salary was raised, \$25. We seem to appreciate our new pastor very much. The estimating committee also raised the proportion of Denton charge to \$291, and we think unjustly.

LODI.

Mrs. Geo. Wood is again very sick.

Mrs. Eli Benton was taken very suddenly and dangerously ill about two weeks ago with disease of the brain, and paralysis of one side, and although a little better at the present time, but very little hopes are entertained for her recovery.

Mrs. Geo. Johnson who has been very sick, for several weeks, with typhoid fever, contracted while caring for her sister Mrs. Lesimer of Ann Arbor is improving rapidly.

The democrats of the town are feeling very sore over the defeat of Grover, but the republicans are jubilant, and the sheep men are wonderfully encouraged, as there has been a good demand for stock sheep since election, while before that everything was dead and dull. During the past week men from Eaton and Livingston counties have visited some of the best flocks in this town, and taken home with them sheep to improve their own flocks.

Mr. Butters of Pulaski, Jackson Co., was the guest of A. A. Wood last Friday, and while here purchased one of Mr. W.'s fine stock sheep. All the sheep men say that the value of their sheep has doubled since election. As we are not to have free wool, the flocks of the country will again be profitable, notwithstanding the fact that would be Congressman Stearns told the people of this country that it did not pay them to keep sheep any way.

The November meeting of the Farmer's Club was held at the residence of David Cody, last Friday, with a good attendance in spite of the stormy weather. The discussion was opened with an essay by Mrs. E. C. Warner, upon "The relation of a farmer's wife to her husband's business," after which an animated debate was engaged in by the members. The meeting was an interesting and enjoyable one, and Mr. and Mrs. Cody entertained the company in their usual agreeable manner.

President's Thanksgiving Day Proclamation.

Constant thanksgiving and gratitude are due from the American people to almighty God for His goodness and mercy, which have followed them since the day He made them a Nation and vouchsafed to them a free government. With loving kindness, He has constantly led us in the way of prosperity and greatness. He has not visited with swift punishment our shortcomings, but with gracious care He has warned us of our dependence upon His forbearance and has taught us that obedience to His holy law is the price of a continuance of His protection and blessing.

In acknowledgment of all that God has done for us as a Nation, and to the end that an appointed day be set apart to the people of this country to reach the throne of Grace, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 29th day of November instant, as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer, to be kept and observed throughout the land.

On that day let all our people suspend their ordinary work and occupations, and in their accustomed place of worship, with prayer and songs of praise, render thanks to God for all His mercies, for the abundant harvests which have rewarded the toil of the husbandman during the year that has passed, and for the rich rewards that have followed the labors of our people in their shops and fields of trade and traffic. Let us give thanks for peace and for social order and contentment within our borders and for our advancement in all that adds to the Nation's greatness.

And mindful of the afflictive dispensation with which a portion of our land has been visited, let us, while we humble ourselves before the power of God, acknowledge His mercy in settling bounds to the deadly march of pestilence, and let our hearts be chastened by sympathy with our fellow countrymen who have suffered and who mourn.

And as we return thanks for all the blessings which we have received from the hands of our Heavenly Father, let us not forget that He has enjoined upon us charity; and on this day of thanksgiving let us generously remember the poor and needy, so that our tribute of praise and gratitude may be acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

Done at the City of Washington, on the 1st day of November, 1888, and in the year of Independence of the United States the one hundred and thirtieth.

In witness whereof I have hereunto signed my name and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

T. F. BAYARD, Secretary of State.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

The time-honored custom of our fathers, a year filled with peace and plenty, the absence of famine and far-reaching pestilence and the unexcelled comfort and prosperity of our people, have all come to us through the mercy and goodness of an all-wise and over-ruling Providence. In recognition of these blessings and in harmony with the sentiments of a thankful people, I do hereby appoint Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of November, A. D. 1888, as a day of general thanksgiving and praise. Upon that day let us remember and be grateful by thought, word and deed that in our own Commonwealth of Michigan we are among the most favored of peoples, and may our gratitude find expression in praise to Almighty God. Let the happiness that may come in the preservation of health, the sunshine of prosperity, the reunion of friends, or through other channels, be increased to each of us by some generous deed to another more unfortunate than ourselves.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed hereto the great seal of the State this tenth day of November, A. D. One thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

By the Governor, G. R. OSBURN, Secretary of State.

FEEDING VERSUS FIGHTING.

What It Means to Keep the Army's Immense Stomach Filled—The Glory.

"There is one feature in active military operations," said an old Union veteran in the course of a long war reminiscence, "that the general run of people little realize, and that is, what it means to feed an army, and especially an army pushed far in advance of its base of supplies. An army is a terrible creature to feed. It fights occasionally; it feeds all the time. It is an immense stomach with thousands of mouths always crying for more. It can't be put off or ordered not to be hungry. With 20,000 or 30,000 men in a thinly settled, mountainous country—an enemy's country at that—and with that enemy in possession of a part of the only rickety railroad running through it, and his cavalry gallivanting around you, you know not exactly where, between you and the place you draw your tons of supplies from, your only means of getting these tons of bread and salt beef or pork and other things is to have them hauled over this half made mountain road, which a man brought up in a finished country would hardly dare to travel on anyway.

"You have creeks to cross or rickety bridges, or you find the bridges destroyed. You have small rivers to ford, liable to be swollen at any time in a few hours by rain. You have only a single wagon track to travel on, running up and down hills and mountains, or along their sides, not kept in repair, and if a wagon breaks down your whole procession of vehicles is stopped until it can be got out of the way. You don't know at what moment in this country, new and strange to you, a squad of guerrillas, to whom every road and pass has been familiar from their youth, will swoop down or fire from an ambuscade upon some portion of your long drawn out, straggling train of wagons, all of which, from the narrowness of the road, it is impossible fully to guard. You must drive along, also, possibly, a herd of half wild, half starved cattle, who will dash off or stray off in the woods through which they are passing at every chance they can get.

"You have sixty or eighty miles of this sort of country to pass through before you can reach the 30,000 hungry men, living now on a cracker per day. You may advance ten miles a day. You may twenty. You may make only five. Distances in an up and down country like this are very uncertain. You can't go at a gallop with a wagon train. And you are the officer in charge of this slow, lumbering, long drawn out, clumsy procession. You are responsible for its safe delivery to the hungry army. You've got your hands full and your head full, and when you've bossed round repairs, built bridges, pushed everybody and everything to keep them moving, and then, half worn out and half dead through care and the strain of the responsibility, you get your train through in safety, and for a few days more feed all this collective stomach which otherwise would have starved, how much glory awaits you?

"Well, search our pictorial military annals and see how much of the pomp, circumstance and sensation of war you find illustrated about a wagon train. But society would tumble to pieces today without cooks, kitchens and beef cutting men with white frocks and cleavers, and all the epauletted figures on horseback about an army dwindle down, man and beast, to very 'poor critters' in a very few hours if they've no crackers to nibble on or hay to chew. I tell you, war, most certainly, as well as fighting, and there's a great deal of unrecorded glory due the quartermasters and sergeants who had to look after the bread and beef which gives men strength to stand on their legs and pull triggers."—Prentice Mulford in New York Star.

The Chinese in California.

Speaking of the variety of work done here by the Chinese, they are employed in many of the trades. They are the porters and cleaners of the city to a large extent, and they compete with the sewing girls and the chambermaids. In the Palace hotel, where I am stopping, the Chinese seem to do the greater part of the work, and I see quiet, almost eyed, yellow skinned men in blue gowns cleaning here, scrubbing there and brushing in a third place all over this big house. They do work that an Irish servant girl would refuse to do, and I saw a half dozen of them today creeping along the narrow ledges outside the great galleries of the rotunda washing paint. A misstep would have surely killed them, and you could no more get a negro or an Irish servant girl to take such a risk than you could fly.

I visited several of the Joss houses here and watched the Chinese at worship. They do not seem to be a severely religious race as far as those in America are concerned, and the richer among them have an idol or so of their own whom they pray to in their own houses. There are, however, half a dozen big Joss houses here, and each of these has its idols by the dozen. One idol especially worshipped is the god of medicine, who is represented as holding a golden pill and who is supposed to be able to cure diseases, and another also much worshipped is the god of wealth. The god of wealth is named Tsoi Poh Shing Kow and all of the Chinese in this country have come here to make their fortunes, he never lacks votaries. The worshippers bring him offerings of food, tea and wine, and the incense always burns before him. The Chinese worship here without ceremony. They chat together as they pray, and often do not take their cigars or pipes out of their mouths while going through their forms of worship.—San Francisco Letter.

Sound and Color Sensations.

The phenomenon of color-audition was first brought to the attention of the scientific world by Dr. Nussbaumer, of Vienna, who, when a child, was engaged with his brother one day in striking a fork against a glass to hear the ring, when he discovered that he saw colors at the same time that he perceived the sound; and so well did he perceive the color, that when he stopped his ears, he could divine by it how loud a sound the fork had produced. Dr. Nussbaumer was afterward able to add to his own observations nearly identical ones made by a medical student in Zurich. Later on, M. Pedrono, an ophthalmologist of Nantes, observed the same peculiarities in a friend. In these cases musical sounds gave sensations varying the color according to the instrument played upon, thus showing the dependence of the phenomenon upon the timbre. For instance, the saxophone gave yellow sensations; the clarinet, red; the piano, blue. Henri de Parville, in Popular Science Monthly, says: "Popular expressions are often significant. I saw three dozen lights of all colors, or some such expression, may frequently be heard from persons who have received violent blows on the head or face. Under the influence of shocks of this kind, the eye seems to see infinite numbers of sparks. Shocks of a certain class impressed upon the nervous system seem to have the faculty of producing phenomena of light. There are persons endowed with such sensibility that they cannot hear a sound without at the same time perceiving colors. Each sound to them has its peculiar color; this word corresponds with red, and that one with green; one note is blue, and another is yellow.—Science.

In the New Flat.

Mrs. Honeymoon—Oh, Charlie, what a small room this is!

Mr. Honeymoon—Very. Spare room, I s'pose. Spare room of the lot.—Harper's Bazar.

IT OFTEN HAPPENS

That there are persons in a community who are doubtful in regard to where their interests will be best served when they wish to buy Fine Shoes. Some are led away by the delusive inducements of those take-'em-away-for-nothing sales, and others look around and satisfy themselves where the best can be had for the least. We not only claim, but do sell the Finest Shoes for the lowest living prices, and kindly invite you to see our new arrivals of Fall Styles at

GOODSPEED'S:-

ON MONDAY, NOV. 5TH.

—I WILL OPEN A—

New Troy Steam Laundry!!

OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE,

Where I will be glad to see all who wish first-class Laundry Work done without the use of Chemicals or injury to clothes.

The plant is being fitted up with a complete outfit of the best and latest improved machinery manufactured by the Troy Laundry Machinery Co.

I was induced to locate here from the fact that the people acted as though they would support such an industry, and the city I am sure is large enough to insure a paying business. The people heretofore have been obliged to send their laundry work to some other city, or have it done by the Celestials, who send their money out to a Foreign Country. Your patronage solicited.

W. B. PHILLIPS, Proprietor.

"Do you swear to your circulation?" asked the advertising agent to the truthful county editor truthfully, "I swear at it."

Real Estate Transfers.

Albert F. Ball and wife to Dalton D. Richards, Milan village, \$575.
G. W. and C. E. Bogole to Hiram Brown, Augusta, \$50.
Francis Reason and wife to Sanford Reason, Dexter, \$320.
Joseph McMahon to George W. Bailey, Manchester, \$30.
Ann Sutton to Geo. M. Sutton, Manchester, \$650.
Christina Wehmann et al. to Ernest Hanselmann, Augusta, \$1.
James Talbert to Gottfried Schoettle, Ann Arbor city, \$1900.
Francis J. Roper and wife to Wm. H. Roper, Northfield, \$700.
Mary Rosannah Stone to Wm. Donaldson, release of Dover.

Produce Markets.

YPSILANTI, Oct. 8, 1888.
Wheat 90¢ 1 00
Corn, ears 18¢ 22
do, shelled 40¢ 46
Oats 35¢ 37
Rye 45¢ 50
Barley, 3 cwt 1 00¢ 1 15
Buckwheat 60¢ 70
Hay 8 00¢ 10 00
Beans 1 00¢ 1 30
Potatoes 30¢ 30
Turnips 20¢ 30
Onions 25¢ 35
Parsnips 45¢ 60
Cabbage, 3 head 30¢ 5
Butter 30¢ 32
Eggs 19

FOR SALE.

A rare opportunity is offered to secure a comfortable home with 10 acres of elegant land just outside the city limits, at very low figures and on easy terms, as the owner wishes to leave town. Apply at the Ypsilantian Office or J. N. Wallace.

FARM FOR SALE.

A farm of 140 acres with good buildings and water and 30 acres of wheat, is offered for sale at reasonable figures and easy terms. Location, two miles from Ypsilanti City. Apply at this Office. 6375

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Manufacturer of Brooms & Brushes
GROVE ST., YPSILANTI,
Solicits the patronage of the Dealers of Washtenaw and vicinity. Satisfaction guaranteed.

UNIVERSITY HALL, ANN ARBOR

MONDAY EVE., NOV. 26TH.

The Redpath Lyceum

GRAND CONCERT!

With America's Greatest Artists.

MISS EMMA JUCH,

Prima-Donna Soprano.

MISS HOPE GLENN,

Contralto of Nilsson Concert Co.
(Specially Engaged from London.)

MME. TERESA CARRENO,
The World-Renowned Pianist.

MR. LEOPOLD LICHTENBERG,
Violin Virtuoso.

MR. LEON KEACH,

Musical Director and Accompanist.

Admission, \$1.00.

Family Tickets, admitting 6, \$5.00.

THANKSGIVING

To be properly observed requires a

GOOD DINNER!

Leave your orders with us for a nice

TURKEY or CHICKEN

We keep the best brands of

OYSTERS

In can or bulk.

SPECIAL Prices on a quantity for parties.

Fancy Goods!

OF ALL KINDS.

GRAPES, NUTS, AND CANDIES.

Fancy Raisins, etc.

Just Received, a stock of the famous Santa Claus Soap, 5 cents a cake.

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Admission, \$1.00.

Family Tickets, admitting 6, \$5.00.

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OVERCOATS!

Children's, Boys', Youths', Men's.

Another invoice of celebrated

STETSON HATS

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UNDERWEAR!

Keeps Out the Cold!

Saves Doctor Bills!

Insures Comfort!

PRICES WERE NEVER LOWER.

WORTLEY BROS.



WATCHES.
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WATCHES.

The Newest and Nicest in Waltham, Elgin and Hampden with Cases of Gold, Gold-filled and Silver at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

Call before purchasing and save money.

F. H. BARNUM

Successor to BARNUM & EARL,

27 Congress Street, South Side.

JOE SANDERS, the CLOTHIER

HAS A FULL LINE OF

Woolens & Worsteds

—AND—

Mr. Fingerle, artistic tailor, will personally superintend all orders in this department, which insures a stylish and well-made garment.

NOVELTIES IN HATS AND CAPS

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Gents' Furnishings

IN GREAT VARIETY. CALL AND SEE.

Joe Sanders, the Clothier,

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Tycoon Tea House

If you like a good Cup of Coffee try our Reverie Java and Blend

Harris Bros. & Co.

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—DEALER IN—

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

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Carries a full line of all kinds of Groceries. Try some of our HONEY-BEE COFFEE and Japan Teas. Fruits in season, and prices always the lowest at the

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FLOUR AND FEED STORE

If you are in need of

Seed Corn, Potatoes, and Beans!

FERTILIZER, DRAIN TILE, BINDING TWINE, MACHINE OIL, WAGONS, DRILLS, CULTIVATORS, PLOWS, AND ALL REPAIRS!

OSBORN BINDER, OSBORN MOWER, ANN ARBOR & EXCELSIOR MOWERS, HAY TEDDERS, FORKS, RAKES!

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BY THE BALE OR TON.

ALSO THE BEST FAMILY CREAMERY IN THE MARKET.

Great Bargains for Sept.

E. SAMSON

Is now receiving a large and elegant stock of

Books and Stationery

for the STUDENTS of the Normal and Union Schools.

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Second-Hand Books

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